

THE

COMPLAINT:

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[PRICE SIX-PENCE]

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BY

BY

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, LL.D.

PRICE SIX PENCE

THE
COMPLAINT:
OR

BRITANNIA lamenting the Loss of her
CHILDREN.

AN
ELEGY.

INSCRIBED TO

That learned Philosopher and able Statesman;
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, LL.D. F.R.S.

L O N D O N :

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COMPLAINTS

OR

BRITAIN'S Suffering the Loss of her
CHILDREN.

ELLIS G. Y.

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That learned Philosopher and able Statesman,

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T H E

COMPLAINT:

O R,

**BRITANNIA lamenting the Loss of her
CHILDREN.**

Sorrowing, upon Hibernia's sea-girt strand,
Her throbbing heart with inward tortures wrung,
BRITANNIA sat, reclining on her hand,
When these sad accents trembled from her tongue.

Ah!

Ah ! what avail these sighs, these tears that flow,
 Faint emblems of the raging pangs I feel;
 Alas ! my pungent wrongs, my Heart-felt woe,
 Nor words can utter, nor complaints reveal.

Why have I liv'd to see th' ill-fated day,
 When on yon western shore war took his stand?
 When carnage mark'd in bloody steps his way,
 When brethren fell beneath a * BROTHER's hand.

Mournful thy war, O England! Lo! thy slain
 Are friends and citizens, confounding all
 The social ties of blood, these plead in vain,
 Smote by thine arm, thy foster-children fall.

* *The War against our Brethren in America has been filed " THE KING'S WAR."*

Bloody

Bloody thy war, O England! Who can tell
 The numbers slain, and weltering in their gore?
 Where mighty warriors bravely fought, they fell,
 MONTGOMERY, WARREN, to arise no more.

There on the heath, o'er which at purple dawn,
 In search of daily bread the hunters hy'd,
 Or where the shepherds peaceful trod the lawn,
 They fought the cruel foe, they bled, they dy'd.

Those sturdy swains, once warm with youthful joy,
 No more their nervous, active glories boast,
 No more shall in the field their strength employ,
 That joy extinct, those active glories lost.

Thy

Thy sons, O LEXINGTON! were first to feel
 The brutal rage of an insidious foe;
 Destruction follows close the murd'ring steel,
 And streams of blood along thy meadows flow.

So in those realms, where genial suns arise,
 And balmy breezes on the blossoms play;
 A putrid vapour sweeps along the skies,
 Blasting with lurid plagues the jocund day.

But ah! on BUNKER'S HILL, lo! hostile strife,
 Gives wound for wound, with fell remorseless rage;
 A Thirst for blood selects the PATRIOT'S life,
 Which heaps of slaughter only can assuage.

Wretched

Wretched Britannia! will none deign to hear,
 The humble plea in freedom's sacred cause?
 Will factious hate from justice turn her ear,
 And crown unjust designs with vain applause?

Thou too, relentless son! what mighty wrongs,
 Could urge thee thus to wound a parent's breast?
 What right, what power supreme, to thee belongs,
 To rob my children and thyself of rest?

An all-devouring flame thy wrathful eye,
 Thy sword, a hungry wolf amidst thy flocks,
 Thy hope, a meteor in an evening sky,
 Thy strength, a tempest spent on barren rocks.

For know, in spite of all thy haughty pride,
 JEHOVAH rules supreme o'er heav'n and earth;
 Settles the claims of each contending side,
 Destroys old empires, and gives new one's birth.

His power, which bids the raging sea be still,
 Can make all civil broils and discord cease;
 Restrain THINE ardent, restless wish to kill,
 Or awe thy bold Presumption into peace.

Come lovely PEACE! with sacred olive crown'd,
 Return thou long, too long departed guest!
 Encircled with thy smiling nymphs around,
 Return, and by thy presence make us blest.

Or rather, unto thee Omnipotent,
Britannia offers up her fervent pray'r;
Bring back my children, from my bosom rent,
And bless them with thy tutelary care.

11:7:49

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